THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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The Quaker.

(*Continued.*)

BERNADINE.—I have been drinking hard all night and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE.—Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

BERNADINE.—I swear I will not die to day for any man's persuasion.—*Measure for Measure.*

THERE are circumstances of distress which throw an interest around those involved in them, far greater than the most lavish gifts of a prosperous fortune could confer. Unhoused penury and squallid disease, although they stir up the finest and excite the most compassionate feelings of the soul, while they awaken an almost involuntary disgust, still that magic charm which at all times is entwined around them, warps the mind from the true standard of benevolence, and, when once relieved, it gladly passes on, unwilling to contemplate longer than may be absolutely necessary objects so pitiable, so painful, so degrading to our common nature.—Hallowed pleasantry; soul-thrilling, audible grief; the body writhing amid agonies of remorse; the dejection evinced only by the pale cheek, the forced and unfrequent smile, and the reserve that is assumed as a shelter from observation; these are the circumstances which invariably plead to the susceptibilities of the heart and seize the imagination.

"There, there, Peter, fix on the trappings. The hour is fast approaching for my marriage. Don't be idle," hallowed the Quaker.

"Why, master, you are in such a hurry, there's no fun in it."

"Ha, O no, not at all, 't all. Two o'clock, ha, ha, ha, three hours more, and —— never mind, away we go, hob-e-nob."

"Roads, master, we shall break the old thing all to bits."

"Roads, ah, all's bad here, no trembling.—Pleasant, hio, o, o. Fatigue, nothing of that, jolly enough."

("It's a chance if you don't tumble, hem.")

"Richard, how ist it?" enquired Mr Mendon, who was the groom's man elect. "That trans-Atlantic maiden, to whom you once proffered your company, how do you get along with her? is she disposed of, or what?"

"La! her father the Duke, by some mishap, happened in my way under pretence of travelling in the States for observation, &c. and was determined to sue me for a breach of *promise*, because I was a bachelor. Accordingly he did, and pretty sorry was he, ay, there's no doubt of it, for just as he got all his witnesses marshalled in prime order, (and there I was trembling for my life, I declare I thought if that was the fate of the 'single and alone,' I should leave the ranks as soon as the Duke's claims were null and void) the Liverpool packet brought news of the like—"This day deceased, *Emily*, daughter of his highness the Duke of Yarmouth, in the bloom of years, &c. &c. *ad ultimatum*—with a *broken heart.*" I tell thee! "Yes, I hear"—"that's all well enough, if the old gentleman did'nt bluster and scratch his head, no matter. Every thing was hurry-scurry. The jury were dismissed, and as grave fortune would have it, Richard was ordered to leave, and glad enough was he."

"Really, I should have thought it would have been difficult, after being paraded around in such a style, writs served on you, &c. to have found one that would *then* have you."

"Truly, but the deuce of it was no one *could* get me."

"*Vestro mente vides chang'd'dere.*"

"Very well—thee shall be informed. As ill luck would have it, Josiah Bartholomew & Co. in return for a binding which I held upon you."

"Upon me! Zounds!"

"Well, well, understand me, upon Josiah Bartholomew & Co, mark me,—had obligated their servant Richard as follows, to wit: "Said Richard does hereby formally and honestly affirm, and swear by the giants of St Dustan! the Grasshopper of Cornhill! and the Dragon of Bow! that he will wed for good intents and purposes the daughter of said firm on or before the 31st day of September, in the year 17—, and afterwards to come, provided, that said firm do actually and conclusively rescue and save the said Richard from harm and damage, threatened by his highness, the Duke of Yarmouth."—Well, this contract on their part was fulfilled.—Nothing remained, for its fulfilment all around, but to be up to my agreement. Consequently although I had previously vowed to live and die an *old bachelor*, I presented myself for an introduction, &c. &c. and here I am just on the pinnacle of felicity."

"I tell you what, Richard—"

"Well, always listen to good council."

"You are in a successful condition now to enjoy real happiness."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"There are two ways that I have ever noticed for obraining it. The one is money—"

"Ay, plenty of that, plenty."

"For however trite the old maxim may be considered, money *does* make the mare go."

"Right, my little experience will attest to that."

"The other a comely, tender-hearted, *industrious* companion."

"Yes, that 's it to a chalk."

"Those two *things* and your paradise is completed."

"Certainly. For servants, grooms, and the like, I have."

"No—gad, I will not be your groom."

"Keep silence Peter. It is a great pity, if I cant converse without being interrupted by thy vociferations. And Mr. Mendon, oceans of money. The other which thou mentioned is mine soon. The ponies will soon bring us to our place of destination."

"Are you sure of a good one?"

"O, by all means."

"Well, Richard there is no mistake in you after all."

"Hio, just in sight."

Such a theme at this period of life seemed to meet the Quaker's mind, and fill it with rapture. The actual scenes of his earlier boyhood were speedily returning, and the glow of festivity was rapidly increasing around his jovial board. The reader can well perceive why and wherefore the Quaker abandoned the unsullied pleasures which his elysium afforded upon the banks of the Susquehannah, and resolved to commune with the fairest of all through the embryo of futurity. To woman, deprived of whose cheering radiance, yet matchless serenity, the world would be one wide, bleak solitude, he clung with puerile attachment. To the shrine of selfishness, that distlnguished, yea, undying trait in the character of man, he had consigned himself a true, devoted victim. The rich intelligence from England, his native land, met with a cordial welcome, and, like an electric shock, transformed his entire affections, which but now were left to repine unheard of, amid the iron-hearted requisitions of cloistered fanaticism, or the observances of monastic solitude. To the impulse of a greedy ambition, and his only desire was—

To skim life's surface ere we break it up.

Though what did it avail that he should weave the web of fortune in the morning, if his labor, like that of Penelope, was to be unravelled at night, and the pleasures of evening were to be beyond his grasp? Far from gliding along in calmness and identity, like the puny waves of the summer streamlet, from wearing the same unperturbed aspect, from harboring those habitual thoughts and feelings which seem to preserve a like "noiseless tenor," he once more began to cherish a morbid refinement of feeling which destroys usefulness and harmony, by magnifying the evils of life, while diminishing the divers alleviations. Dazzled by the gaudy fictions of the imagination, and deluded by the vain flatteries of his own heart, he turned with disgust from the simplicities of nature and the sobrieties of truth—from the regular routine of common duties, and the tranquil enjoyment of every-day life. The silent cell of the recluse, which hitherto seemed to be his cloud by day, his fire by night, both in the hour of danger and calm of security, was exchanged for impious mirth, the harbinger of woful beggary, and a wretched end to his brief existence. But let me not anticipate.

"Come, hasten to the bridal feast,
There waits our bridal crown;
On every dull and lingering guest
The social band shall frown;
For honor is a feaster there—
The bride our father-land,
And him to whom the bride is dear
Shall fear or death command?
What if he fall? oh soft the place
Of his last sleep may be,
Encircled in his bride's embrace,
And guarded tenderly;
And as the leafless oak in spring
Renewing verdure yields,
He may wake from slumbering,
Perhaps, in heaven's living fields!"

"Yes, I agree with you. O, don't fear, you will find no failure in me. But supposing, Richard, the parson shouldn't be up to the mark, shall I—officiate?"

"O, to be sure—the wedding must go on, hio."

The *invitationii* assembled. Although the the rain came down in torrents, their spirits were as high as ever. Sir Tobias, and John Frederick, the old man, stationed themselves on the first row, while the gentry and the weeping willows filled up the rear. The ceremony was performed with genuine Quaker-like eloquence.—The bride though not—

"Omni
"Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
"Nomina servorum, nec vultus agnoscit amici,
"Cum quos patentia cœnavit nocte, nec illos
"Quos genuit, quos eduxit,"

but maugre it all, from her ber being a true novice in the study of character—wont to view every character through the glare of imagination, or the dark, gloomy veil of a languid sensibility, but a petty exertion was wanted to make her

the dupe of a being, who added to seniority of years a consummate knowledge, not only of ancient and modern literature, but of customs and the world—one deeply practiced in assuming all aspects, meeting all characters, and conversant with almost every language and tongue under heaven, excepting that of simple reality and truth.

"Pun, jokes? ay, to the 'nines.'"

"Richard!" quoth one.

"Oh, yes, always at hand."

"Permit thy father—"

"Father!—truly, pray, no offence, my father by Nancy, well."

"To wish that prosperity and good luck may accompany thee to the *final* moment of thy existence."

"Why, that would be well nigh a chimera in things. For thee knows, father, that the *best* day is bitter in spite of every thing, and—and, why, thee knows, father, accidents will sometimes almost unavoidably happen."

"*Richard! Richard!*" *was borne in grave accents upon the lovely sound of a viewless—*

"Powers of mercy! Wretch?—bloodless! innocent! oh, heaven, defend!" exclaimed the capricious Quaker, as the *spirit* of the once blushing, spotless Emily cowered beneath him.

LAYLOCK.

(*To be Continued.*)

To the Polish Army.

Go, gallant band, defend your land
From the invadars galling chain:
With torch in hand upon the strand,
Repel the Cossack from the plain.

Go tell the foe you ne'er can bow,
To do a tyrant homage more;
By sacred vow, his blood shall flow,
Till Poland's banner "high shall soar."

Go, march to Cracow's walls again,
Your sword is drawn, the scabbard lost,
To plead with Tartars is in vain,
Break through the mighty Russian host.

Go, while there yet remains to die
One Cossack of that mighty horde,
Stretch'd on the plain, there let him lie,
A victim of thy conquering sword,

Go, follow after Diebitsch,
That mighty conqueror of the north,
Go, let him feel the power there is
In freedom's arm, when once stretch'd forth.

'Tis done, 'tis done, the day has come,
When Poland must be free again;
Sheath'd is the sword, and ceas'd the drum,
That call'd them to the "battle plain."

MONTMOR.

To the Undergraduate.*

SIR,—The following article, in my apprehension, is deserving notice, if for no other reason, on account of the singularity of its origin. Having arrived in town, taken possession of my room, squared myself in the big armed chair, while indulging in a short revery on the signs and prospects of the times, to my utter amazement, it was delivered to me in the form of a roll by the hand of Morpheus! Whether it is designed to be understood as a literal history of the past, prophetical of the future, or containing metaphorical allusions to the present, I must confess an utter inability to determine. There is, however, upon its very face evidence of genuineness that fully evinces the candor and honesty of its author, and perhaps time may yet develope its true import to the lasting joy and improvement of the world. With great diffidence I have endeavored to intersperse a few notes by way of elucidation, and without further protasis would submit it to the "searching operation" of your readers.

CHAP. I.

Wherein the writer disclaimeth the giving any account of himself—descanteth learnedly on the peculiarities of the times, and the chapter doth conclude.

As the writings of a faithful historian bear internal marks of the genuineness of their authenticity, it could be deemed little else than intrusion for me to give this narrative to the world with my name and an autographical sketch of "my manner of life"—suffice it to say, as it regards myself, that I have been a critical observer of the times, though for the most part secluded from the business of active life, and rather accustomed to look at things in their bearing as a connected series of events, than in detached and separated parts as viewed by the unphilosophic eye of the idiot. I lay no claim, however, to superior wisdom and sagacity, though I have seen a hundred cycles complete their course and sealed up in the legendary scroll of the past, and generation rise and figure upon the stage during its "appointed time" and succeeded again by another,*—I only claim the common sense of a common man. And I hold it to be an immutable truth that this is amply sufficient to conduct him safe from the ten thousand dilemmas into which he has been precipitated by rashness and folly, that have rendered life little else than a tissue of absurdities. Consequently the sad prevalence of the evils we are called to record is obviously attributable to the alarming deficiency in the important article of *common sense*. Before we proceed to a further illustration of this position in the narrative upon which we are entering, historical verity demands a notice of the peculiari-

* It is obvious from these expressions that our author wrote at a time when men lived to a great age. We would venture to suggest whether it be not probable he had in view a period not far distant from the Great Flood—we make no positive assertions—our resources are not sufficient to justify it.

ties of the age in which we have the misfortune to live. These appear the most strikingly manifest in the developements of mind that are made in community, the general current of feeling exhibited, and the conduct by which mankind are characterized in their intercourse with one another—When we speak of "developements of mind," it is of course upon the assumption that all the race possess this important appendage of the corporeal system, but I confess that by a strict investigation, *a posteriori*, I have been exceedingly perplexed in coming to this conclusion. What evidence can we have of the presence of an intangible substance whether it be entity or quiddity, except the effects which it produces and the phenomena it exhibits? We are well aware that this general conclusion is derived from *a priori* argumentation, but such a method to establish the point we do declare to be most illogical and disastrous. What, then, has the present age, this age of anomalies, achieved, exhibited or thought, that can be produced as incontestible evidence of the existence of intellectual power,—the presence of mind?—Has any thing been done by way of invention or improvement that can be referred to as evidence of this point? So far from this the splendid discoveries of our ancestors are nearly forgotten and our motion for centuries has been retrograde. The man who now stands forth as a discoverer, or a reformer, is branded with the odious epithets, *fanaticism* or *lunacy*, and thus every generous wish for the welfare of the world is crushed in the bud. Does this look like the effects of *mind?* Oh! it has often made my very bones quake, and rivers of dry tears* run from our eyes to think of this sad degeneracy of the age!—It may be emphatically denominated, *non compos mentis.*—It need only be observed that excesses of this kind are the uniform effects of mental imbecility, or more correctly, an absence of mind. And so far has this passion raged that I know of nothing with which to compare its victims, "*but a man with his head on fire, running away by the light thereof!*" But historical brevity requires that we shonld bring this chapter to a close without further discanting on the times. The character of the intercourse exhibited in this period may be easily inferred. And we wish that the reader would bear in mind that in this age, distinguished by such marked peculiarities, the two societies, that are to be the subject of our succeeding narrarive, had their existence under the names of *Audrarium* and *Fœminarium.*

* This is certainly very unphilosophical; but, as it is a historical fact, it does not become us to contradict it. It is the province of philosophy to *explain*, not to *deny* the phenomena of nature. We must therefore leave it to the more scientific for investigation.

CHAP. II.

Wherein the nature of Andrarium and Fœminarium is shewn, and the writer doth amplify upon the effects of an evil principle thereof.

These institutions afford a striking illustration of the truth of that pithy apothegm, that "necessity is the parent of invention." With an eye to discern and a heart to feel the wants of community, by the scientific and benevolent, the *Andrarium* was raised in two splendid edifices, for the purpose of developing the mental powers of the young men of the age by a course of discipline; and in a short time, for conferring a similar advantage on the other sex, the *Fœmanarium* rose into being! But alas! for the age, and I fear, for the world, two mischievous errors, took an early and deep root in the very heart of each of these associations. In the former the Archods whose business was to direct its judicial concerns, mistook the rusticity of their pupls for an absolute want of judgment, and undertook to govern them as if they had no minds, by balancing one passion with another. They never urged upon them the invaluable treasure which was secured by a well cultivated and richly stored mind; the intrinsic excellence of knowledgeitself, as a motive for diligent application to books, but this was attempted to be done by the use of that inordinate thirst for praise, so inherent in the bosom of man. Each individual was urged to excel his fellow, and to the successful competitor a large prize was offered with the reputation of being the first in talents of the school. A small part whose prospects of success in the competition were best, strained every nerve to make the greatest progress and often brought themselves to an untimely grave by their intense application. Jealousy with her numerous offspring poisoned all enjoyment that might otherwise have been derived from mutual intercourse and good feeling, and not unfrequently originating animosities that followed their unhappy possessors to the grave. At one time the *Andrarium* would present a scene of confusion and dismay, threatening its very existence; at another, party feuds created irreconcilable hatred; and finally, suspicion eat like a cancer at the very heart of every youth who indulged this inordinate thirst for distinction. *And yet the Archons could not be persuaded to blast this course in the bud, by removing the prizes, the prominent cause of its existence!!* Alas for the world! I fear that this error sanctioned by the usage of antiquity, will cling like a deadly gangrene, in coming ages, to the very vitals of our institutions of learning! But the *Fœminarium* avoi-

ded to a great extent the calamity of this fatal error. Yet another one, in some respects less mischievous, arose from the perverted taste of the age. Though many of the attainments made at this place were of the most lasting and durable character and gave point and energy to the mind, yet a large portion of the time was consumed in making what is fully and exactly expressed by the word "*accomplishments.*" With a few admired exceptions nothing there could be found like strength of mind or vigor of thought. Their highest ambition seemed to be gratified with moderate advancements in the light studies of this lighter age, which were peculiarly capable of unbalancing the mind and communicating to it their own levity. Oh! how often have I, though standing at the centre of cycles of years, while musing on the disastrous consequences it forboded my race, cried,—"are these to be the companions of our future sons,—associates with those sterling minds, when the extent of their vocabulary and knowledge is comprised in the few words, "pretty! pretty"—"how fine and nice!"—Alas for the world! Can such things have been designe d by the word, "help *meet* for man?" But I overstep the limits of historical brevity. Age renders me diffusive. I close this chapter with a blessing on that future son of my ill-fated race, who shall ever perpetrate matrimony to obtain such a "help-meet."*

CHAP. III.

Wherein the further policy of the Society and some intercourse thereof appeareth; its noxius tendency to the mind and some measures for the suppression of it considered, wherein the whole piece with appropriate remarks doth conclude.

The reader will recollect I apprized him that the age of which I am writing was peculiarly affectionate and loving. I regret that I am compelled to relate a sad illustration of it in the course of my narrative. As before hinted those youth of the *Andrarium* who despaired of its honors, were many of them characterized by irregularity and a want of rigid adherence to its laws and regulations, and as a consequence, induced a species of mental dissipation that is the worst enemy of intellectual improvement. It may not appear in those open improprieties that shall brand the perpetrator with infamy and disgrace; but it will be seen in that want of mental vigor which bears evident marks of weakness, and with it, stamps its noblest efforts. It was not in the nature of law to elicit from them that attentive regard to the cultivation of the mind which their own interests and its immortal powers demanded, as every delinquency was met with the ready reply. "I was absent," "unwell," "out of town," "slept over" "sick," "called upon,"—here, there, every where, no where, they might say. For it would be quite as feasible an undertaking to ascertain the location of the weather as that of one of these scatterbrains. They compassed every thing in design, but nothing in effect; and with great emphasis might adopt the language "what I would I do not." It may seem incredible to posterity in the perusal of this historical fragment, that inteligence and good sense should thus be abused and perverted from the true purposes of life,—that powers and privileges which might confer imperishable fame on their possessor should be wasted in the fooleries of the idiot. Hei! heu!! This was not the worst feature of this stupid age! For a time considerable intimacy existed between the Andrarium and Fœmenarium and fidelity to the truth requires me to say *that many pupils of the former, were sadly smitten* by those of the latter.* Its immdiate effects were seen in the mania that prevailed for attending the Fœminarium, and so crazed some became that they spent their whole time in writing poetry or strutting after some "love stricken damsel" that had wandered from the precints of the Institution. The Archoness, who superintended its affairs, thinking it would be an effectual remedy, omitted them in the invitations to its anniversaries. But even then these literary prodigies all "equipped and powdered" not taking the hint, trooped to the Fœminarium and gazed with profound admiration while they "sketched——murdered French and thumbed the Piano," or tempora!—I can bear the silent approach of age in cheerfulness; the heavier hand of time with resignation, and gaze unmoved on the transition from this to another world * * * * * but alas! for my sons!! Some, even after the Archoness had forbid all intercourse except on express permission, were so independent and noble-minded, as still to continue their visits; and after having

* Our author must have been a bachelor, at least one in profession. So far as any thing appears in this production, the only one he has left to posterity, it does not appear but that he was so from necessity. Men easily accommodate their principles to their circumstances; hence he very naturally runs into this strain of hyperbole,—for we much doubt whether he would not have preferred such a "help meet" to a life of "single blessedness." We wish not to be confident, but perhaps he has in view the *Heroic Ages.*

* This we must protest is incredible upon any hypothesis we can conceive. That females, in the first place should commit such an outrage upon decorum as to 'smite," strike such crazy fellows, is passing strange.—And after meeting with such sore treatment, unless completely deluded, we cannot suppose they would expose themselves again. Yet we find by the succeeding narrative that the more severe the "smiting," the more determined they were in their visits. From this incident, we are compelled to change our supposition in regard to the period here intended; our author must allude to a time not far from the *Dark Ages.*

employed an "insect and vehicle," would hie away to the Fœminarium to tease the patience of its teacher for a "fair one," to take a ride at eve, "the vesper hour."—But why amplify? It can all be told in a word. It was a disease.—It originated in weakness, it ended in disgrace. Its reign was disastrous, its name infamy, and may time bequeath to forgetfulness its memory!

I have thus dischaged my duty as a chronicler of events, and would leave the result for the admonition of the world. Time would fail me to enter into a practical expose of the important inferences deducible from this fragmentary roll. Suffice it to say, that most of the disasters I have been called to record, are obviously referable to that common but mischievous habit of *mental dissipation*, commenced by suffering women to take the place of books; confirmed by giving it the strength of custom, and ended in *pugnam amicitæ*, or a battle with Cupid. Its influence is not confined in its effects to the infancy of our being,—it stretches onward beyond the ltitle circle about us forever. I warn the reader in the spirit of my office to beware of its deadly touch. Standing as I do on the transition from ages that are past to those buried in the future—viewing the former in the records of experience, and the latter with a prophet's eye, I declare in the strength and immutability of truth, *it is the curse of curses, and has been and will be wherever it prevails.* It scathes, and withers, and ruins the intellect, the usefulness, the improvement of man. But, reader, take not the opposite extreme. The mind breaks by constant tension. "Be cheerful, be sober, be diligent." The cultivation of mind and the improvement of the heart, be your great aim. Much studying, much thinking, some society, and last, though not least of all, an open, yet chastised, intercourse with the intelligent fair, gives strength, vigor and elasticity to the intellect of man. Mark my words, *if the latter is eating you up*, your talent will be buried forever in oblivion. SCURGOR TEMPORUM.

Saul at Endor.—A Fragment.

I.

Truce to thy fears, Weird woman! while
The God whom I've offended rules,
Though my heart festers in its guile
I'll not betray thee. Haste! thy tools
Of incantation muster:—wake
A charm more dread than desert snaks
E'er chain'd its victim with, a spell
That mocks the tiny arts of hell!
Haste! Wrench from the clench'd grasp of death—
Bring me the sage whose only breath
Can image me my doom, and then
Soon have the ghost at rest again.

II.

Thus spake the King; while o'er his giant frame
Unmanly trembling crept, and wanness came
On his sunk temples; still in haughty mood—
Though his life-current flagg'd, and the stanched blood
Stained his fierce eye-balls and his marr'd lip, where
Anguish had gnawed, and sallow mute despair
Lurk'd in the scowl on his blanch'd, bloodless front,
Still with the lofty bearing he was wont,
He utters "wake! for me the man whose eye
Can pierce the mists that veil futurity."

III.

Day had forsaken now the dizzy height
Of Lebanon, and darkness, in its flight
From Indian isles of citron spice and palm,
Look'd drowsily on Palestine, and calm
And hushed had folded its dew-studded wings
As in the sea-boy's lone imaginings
Some unknown sea-fowl gazes on the shade,
Which on the deep her own dark plumes have made.
The landscape fades. Earth, seas and skies unite
In one commingled chaos. It is night—
Dun night, the time of magic, and the hour
When guilt howls woe to conscience—owns her pow'r—
Anticipates her scourge, and forestalls fate,
Damning itself with torment uncreate.

IV.

Where is the King? Mean'st thou a trembling slave?
Behold him here! The quiet of the grave
Borrows a tongue, and in the freezing tones
Of spirits wailing o'er their unearth'd bones,
Mutters the sentenee, "Thou e'er long shalt be
Secreted in the womb of destiny!
Thee and thy sons to-morrow's sun shall show
To the dim entrance of the world below!
Go! Brace thee for the onset! On the hills
Our fathers named Gilboa, mountain rills,
Blush into blood,—along each glade and den
Burst the wild shrieks of Israel's slaughter'd men:
Hark! the grim owl, impatient of delay,
Hath rung the peal which ushers in the day,
And by its glow yon early-rising star
Lights your devoted legions to the war;
Go! meet the vengeance beaming from on high,
And teach thy slaves to struggle and to die!

* * * * * * * * *

Henry Woodville.

"When bent on matrimony look more than *skin deep* for *beauty*; dive farther than the *pocket* for *worth*; and search for *temper* beyond the *good humor* of the moment, remembering it is not the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life."

Jacob Woodville was a man of great wealth. Like most others, on whom fortune showers her riches, the increase of his stores appeared the *sole* object for which he lived.—His numerous herds and flocks were, during the milder months, seen grazing, or sporting, (as their different appetites led them) on the sides of the high hills, which rise on either side of the Valley of —— His rich fields of corn—his waving fields of wheat—and his extensive fields of clover—each enclosed by a neat stone wall, showed to the traveller a second Paradise, as he passed along the Eastern road; which for more than a mile runs parallel with the Valley though nearly sixty yards above it—on the west side of the Eastern hill.

A few miles south of the Valley rises a ugged mountain, on the top of which is a small pond. From this runs a torrent which roaring down its rough channel foaming as it dashes against the cragged rocks that obstruct its

course, throws a spray into the air presenting to one below all the tints of the rainbow. Viewing it in its angry mood it would scarcely appear credible, that it was the same stream which meandered through the valley, creeping along its grassy banks, and shaded on either side by thick-planted willows, with here and there an opening, where its clear waters might be seen sparkling in the sun as they ripple over the smooth pebbles which pave the bed. A short distance from the stream stands the lofty though antique stone mansion of Mr Woodville, with its numerous and well stored out houses. In its rear is his fruit orchard containing the most excellent and rare fruits of the country—some even as choice as the apples which grew in the garden of the Hesperides.

Alas that the owner of such an Eden should posses a breast wholly void of the milk of human kindness? His covetousness had frozen the warm currents of his heart; and generosity had withered under the fiendish influence of his avarice.

Henry Woodville possessed a disposition the everse of his father's. He was frank, openhearted and generous. With these qualifications to recommend him, together with the great wealth of which he would be master at his father's demise, it could but be expected that the belles of the Valley would vie with each other in winning his heart. In their society, he was graceful, and animating; in short, he possessed all the requisites for becoming the universal favorite, which he was in reality. But his chief attainment was a well cultivated mind, which enabled him to discern the diffierent objects for which his society was sought. He was confident that manyl ooked more to the vast wealth which in anticipation they saw rolling in upon him, as a wave, than to his *real* worth. But there was *one* from the number of his admirers whose motives for courting his favor were very different from this. It was Helen Gordon—she sought him for the enjoyment of his society, and this enjoyment was mutual.

Hellen was an orphan— her mother died when she was only three years old, leaving the care of her education wholly upon her father, who was then doing profitable business as merchant in the north of England. But he suffered not his desires of gain in the least to interfere with the education or happiness of his daughter. All his hopes and affections centered in her, and she was in every respect worthy of a father's love. At the age of sixteen her form was delicate, her character timid and confiding, her feelings tender and her manners gentle and retiring: her beauty—but I am no painter, and will not do her injustice.

Her father now closed his business, independent, and they embarked for America, where resided a brother whose frequent encomiums on both country and people had induced him to leave England, since her education was completed. The voyage was prosperous until the evening of the eighth day—a light breeze just lulled the heavy sail to sleep, and the sea, like a polished mirror, reflected the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly the silent pleasure of the calm, delightful scene was broken by loud screams. A rushing of the passengers from the lower part of the vessel announced that the ship was on fire!—The signal of distress was immediately given, and answered from a sloop of war lying but a few miles distant. They made great exertions to propel the vessel forward in season to rescue the sufferers from the flames or a watery grave; but so light was the breeze that it was impossible to gain even two knots an hour. Some of the stoutest of the seamen manning the long boat and cutter, and rowing with their utmost strength gained the burning ship, but not until the fire had gained the deck, and the masts and sails were wrapped in one broad sheet of flame. The boat was soon filled with the half-distracted sufferers and had started back for the sloop, when a loud report and a brighter flame caused all to turn their eyes towards the wreck. The hull was gone, but the air was filled with its burning splinters, which were fast falling on every side of them, hissing as they struck the water. The ship had blown up—Mr Gordon with his treasures, and many other passengers, were buried in that abyss of waters, where were

"a thousand fearful wrecks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon."

Hellen had escaped in the boat, and without further injury landed at New-York—from whence she went immediately to her uncle's, on whose generosity she was dependent for support. The equal hand of Providence, as a compensation for her losses, had given her beauty and sweetness with which to win her friends—among whom Henry was chief. Often at twilight was she seen leaning on his arm as they walked near the rivulet, occasionally stooping to pluck the more beautiful flowers that grew in their native wildness along the path.—These she would carelessly form into a boquet, with a forget-me-not in the centre a little elevated above the others, and, blushing, silently present it to him.

Hellen saw the preference that Henry had given her to those of wealth. She knew it was for her moral and mental worth that he prized her—still she dared not surrender to him her heart. Her judgement told her the avarice of Woodville would oppose their union, and choose

for his son a wife who would bring with her a dower far surpassing what she possessed.

When such thoughts weighed down her spirits, Henry called upon her. He thinking it was the thought of her orphanage that made her dejected, determined to arouse her to cheerfulness: the surest way of effecting this, as appeared to him, was to tell her the ascendancy she had over his heart—to unfold to her the passion of his love, and to paint to her imagination the happiness that awaited them on their union. This he did in such lively hues that the heartless Mr. Woodville was wholly banished from her mind, and she promised to be his and his only.

(*To be Continued.*)

Items of News.

The latest news from Poland is rather more encouraging than the previous advices. Some suspicion had fallen upon the devoted Skrzynecki; but a full investigation of his conduct has resulted in a complete vindication of his fidelity and entire restoration of confidence. The Russians were drawing closer and closer round Warsaw, but the Poles were preparing for resistance without dismay; and we believe if the battle come, even before France or England interfere victory will declare for Poland.—In the mean time, a Berlin account of August 1st states that Count Paskevitsch had received instructions to negotiate under the walls of Warsaw, not for the absolute independence of Poland, but for carrying into effect the spirit of the treaty of 1815, giving the Poles the choice of their own Victory.

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Belgium.—The Dutch lately marched their forces into this country, and were prevented from taking Brussels only by the arrival and interposition of the French armies. A capitulation was agreed upon between the French and Dutch by which it was determined that the latter troops should retire with their arms and the honor of war—accompanied to the frontiers by the French soldiery.

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There have been meetings in favor of the Poles in New-York, Utica, and other cities in various parts of the country, at which committees were appointed to solicit contributions for that people.

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At a late meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society in New-Haven, it was resolved to remove the injunction of secrecy from their proceedings. Thus, in one brief moment have been explained the mysterious letters, P. B. K. which have excited so much curiosity, and puzzled the brain of many a longing Sophomore; and that which even the learned have desired to know, has now become "a word of every tongue,"—*Philosophia Biou Kubernater.*

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Charpentier has the following eloquent passage. "Whenever," says he, "I cast my eyes on ostentatious epitaphs, I feel a wish to write under them, 'As man is composed of pride and infirmities, passenger, you here behold them fully exemplified. This tomb indicates the feebleness, and this epitaph the pride of his nature.' How just a picture is this of the character of the deceased person when alive! Under robes of silk and embroidery he concealed from the eyes of the world the weakness and diseases of his decaying body. A wounded conscience, a feeble understanding, and eternal toil of solicitude and sorrows, were hidden beneath the mask of a tranquil countenance, a steady and penetrating eye."

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A dashing widow of great beauty, *et cetera*, accidentally fell from a boat into the deepest part of Lake George, whereupon three of her admirers, all of whom had the dyspepsia, jumped in, determined to rescue her or perish. What rendered the affair romanticly unique, the lady floated on the surface without the least danger; whereas the gentlemen would all have certainly gone to the bottom, had not one of them climbed to the top of her hat, and the other two have taken refuge in her sleeves.

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Compliment to the Ladies.—Quin being asked by a lady why it was stated that there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam; we always see more of *heaven* than earth."

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Small Progress.—"Gentlemen," said a member of our legislature, who arose to give his opinion on imprisonment for debt, "gentlemen, my opinion is that the *generality* of mankind—in *general*—are disposed to take the *disadvantage*—of the *generality* of mankind in *general*." Another member who sat near him and observing his distress, gave him a pinch on the knee, saying "you had better sit down, my friend, you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

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We have received the first number of the "Adelphi," a neatly executed paper, conducted by the Students of Williamstown College. We cheerfully extend the right hand of fellowship to our young pioneers, who have determined to avail themselves of so efficacious a means of improving the style of college composition, and of raising the standard of writing, as is afforded in the periodical publication of their productions.

MARRIED,

In Crown Point, on the 28th of August, Jacob Chillson, of Schroon, to Miss Laura Williams of Ticonderoga.

DIED,

In Chester, Mary T. wife of the Rev. U. C. Burnap, aged 32 years.